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1927

A. C. Junior College Magazine



Arkansas City, Kansas

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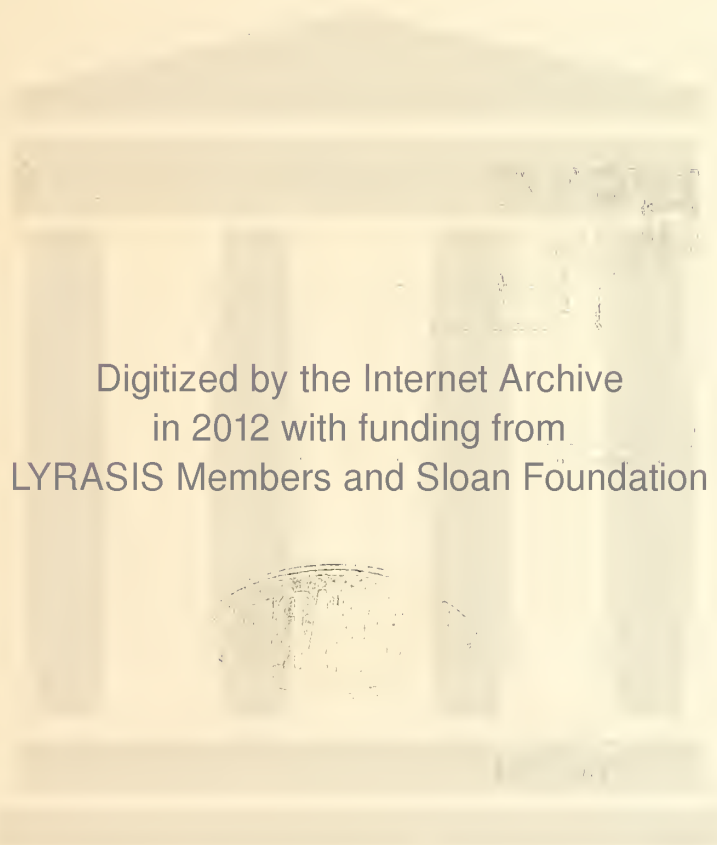
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EDITORIAL

We are nearing the close of another school year. In many respects it has been a very successful year, in fact, the most successful in the brief history of our institution.

For the first part the study body has been composed of a group of fine spirited, industrious young people. The class-work has been commendable; cooperation between students and faculty very desirable.

Our inter-collegiate relationship with other Junior Colleges of the state has been very satisfactory, to say the least. Of the six activities which the State Junior College Association sponsors, we have been successful in carrying off highest honors in five of them. But the most outstanding benefit which our students have derived from these inter-collegiate contests has been the splendid sportsmanship-like manner in which our competitors have conducted themselves. Coming into personal contact with such splendid young men and women has been a liberal education within itself.

SUNRISE IN KANSAS

The only light visible was a faint grey color on the eastern horizon and a few scattered stars in the sky. The air was exceptionally cool and refreshing, and not a sound could be heard, save the rustle of the leaves as the south morning breeze moved lazily through the grove of trees near our camp. The grey in the east increased rapidly, took on a pinkish hue, and soon long streams of light shot far into the sky. They touched snowy-white clouds here and there, making them silvery on one side. By now, the entire universe was awake, the stars had disappeared, and all was light. The loose tents began flapping and the trees swaying as the breeze increased, and soon the cheery birds emerged from their nests to start their daily work of food-searching and nest-building. Suddenly the top of the fiery sun appeared; within a few moments it was fully in view, and long shadows fell from the trees and buildings of the camp.

SPANISH CLUB ACTIVITIES

El Circlo Espanol, the Spanish club of the Junior College, has added greatly to the interest of the Spanish courses. At the meetings which were held twice a month, Spanish programs were presented which included Spanish games and plays. The big event of the first semester was the Spanish banquet, the fourth of January, at which all members were present. The menu and table decorations were carried out according to Spanish style.

Two joint meetings with the French club featured the second semester entertainments, one, a picnic, followed by a line party to the Burford, the other a dinner, served in the club room.

Officers of the first semester were: Alberta Beahm, president; Mae Marsh, secretary and treasurer. Second semester: Earl Young, president; Levia Slater, secretary and treasurer.

From the base of a low ridge, made ugly with dwarfed and snarled remnants of vegetation, a broad beach sloped to the water's ragged edge. During the night the tide had swept the shore clean and smooth, but now the wind had rippled it with long miniature sand dunes. Out beyond the beach and the fringe of rolling and tumbling breakers, the sun reflected a freakish variety of greens and blues from the ocean's rugged surface, while in the distance, far beyond the first whitecaps, a ship was silhouetted on the horizon, leaving behind a long streamer of smoke to streak the azure sky.

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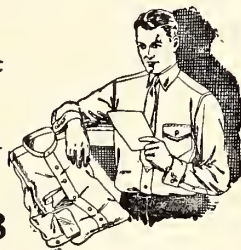
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ARKANSAS CITY COLLEGE DEBATES.

The debate season was just another of A. C. J. C.'s several successes. The question for debate this year was Resolved: That the United States Should Adopt Mitchell's Plan for a Single Department of National Defense with Three Equal Branches of Army, Navy, and Air.

The teams were selected early in February and they began intensive work then, with Mr. Gallee as coach. The first debate was a dual debate with Independence, and George Stanley and Samuel Shoup, the affirmative team went to Independence. Robert Parman and Ruth Redden upheld the negative side of the question at home. Both teams were successful in this debate, George and Samuel winning a two to one decision at Independence, and the negative team winning the decision of the one critic judge at home.

This victory entitled the teams to compete in a triangular debate for State Championship with the winners of the two other dual debates, between Kansas City and Fort Scott, and Parson and Iola. In these debates, Kansas City forfeited to Fort Scott, and Parsons won from Iola.

The Championship debate was held April 13. The Arkansas City negative

team, Robert Parman and Ruth Redden, went to Parsons, Parson's negative team went to Fort Scott, and Fort Scott's negative team debated here with our affirmative team, George Stanley and Samuel Shoup. The negative team won a two to one decision, but the affirmative team was unfortunate in not being able to get one more judge. However, their very high grades and the winning of their first debate made it possible for A. C. J. C. to win one more State Championship.

At the first of the season, Leroy Plumley tried out and made the team, but he was taken with appendicitis and was unable to complete the work. George Stanley volunteered to take his place and "carried on" to the end of the season.

DEBATERS ENTERTAINED

The championship debaters of the college were entertained at the home of the coach, K. R. Kalle, Thursday evening, April 29, with a fine dinner. According to Mr. Gallee this was the final event of the successful season, and the debaters heartily agreed.

Those present were Ruth Redden, George Stanley, Robert Parman, Samuel Shoup, Leroy Plumley, and Mr. and Mrs. Callee.

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COLLEGE Y. W. C. A.

Under the leadership of Levia Slater, our president, the College Y. W. C. A. has advanced rapidly during the second semester.

Through the efforts of Ruth Redden and her program committee a program or outing of some sort has been held every week.

Early in January the Y. W. C. A. girls entertained all the College girls with a covered-dish dinner in the Junior High School Cafeteria. Mildred Glasscock, of the membership committee, invited every girl to join the Y. W. C. A. The members voted to apply for a charter from the National organization. In the cabinet meeting following the dinner a constitution was drawn up and the charter applied for. Next year, after a student secretary of the National Society visits our Y. W. C. A., our charter will be considered. We feel that belonging to the National organization will strengthen our chapter.

A "Kid Party" was the special meeting in February. Each girl brought a child between the ages of four and eight. Games were played and an amusing program was given by the little guests. The girls felt they were being entertained rather than entertaining the "kiddies."

An early morning breakfast was given at the Jarvis farm the first week of March. Only a few girls seemed able to get up so early, but in spite of the small crowd and the rainy weather, the early morning outing was greatly enjoyed.

About the middle of March the High School Y. W. C. A. had their annual Fireside Festival. The college girls were invited as guests. A lovely program of music and reading was given, followed by a general sing-song.

On April 12, the mothers were guests at the annual Mother-Daughter banquet. A lovely dinner was served in the Methodist church dining room. The symbol of the evening's program was the rose. Red roses decorated the tables and were given as favors to the mothers.

During April and May two sandwich sales were arranged by the finance committee to help pay expenses. One was given to pay for the polychrome plaque which the college girls gave to the Club.

May 13, the senior girls of the high school were entertained at a breakfast given in the Junior High School Cafeteria. Special invitations were given to all girls who intend to go to Junior College next fall to join the Y. W. C. A. The new officers took office at this time. They are: Mildred Glasscock, president; Mae Marsh, vice-president; Rhoda Talley, Secretary; De Lone Livingston, treasurer.

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PIGS—A PAIR

By ROBERT McMICHAEL

Billy Evans was lonely, more lonely than he had ever been before in all his eight eventful years. He stood staring out at the March snow, wishing rebelliously that he did not have to stay inside. From the kitchen came the rattle of dishes as his mother busily cleared the breakfast table. The sound of her cheerful humming brought a lump to his throat and tears, that obscured the flying snow, to his eyes. Folding his arms on the window sill, and pillowing his tousled brown head upon them, he kicked resentfully at the rounds of his chair.

"Wisht I had something to play with," he murmured. "Mother is too busy an' I'm tired of playing with picture books an' blocks an' An' why can't I play in the snow? Just 'cause I got a little ol' cold"

He slid down from the chair, looked longingly out the window again, then marched determinedly across the dining room to the kitchen door. There a sort of uncertainty replaced the determination, and he hesitated, until his mother saw him leaning against the casing in doubt and perplexity.

"Now, Billy, you know I told you that you couldn't go out in that snow. It's too cold and you're already nearly sick. Now, run"

"But, Mother, I'd be careful. Can't I go out, Mother. Honest, I'd come"

"No, you cannot! Stop bothering me now—I'm busy."

"Aw, I wanta go"

The wail was interrupted by a sudden stamping on the porch. The harassed mother eagerly seized upon the promised distraction.

"There's Daddy! Open the door for him, Billy." But before the child reached the door, it opened to admit a tall, woman, his red face dark and grim with vexation.

"Another runt in the litter," he growled. "Other one's dead an' this'n will be. I ain't got time to feed him with a spoon."

"But, perhaps, if you'd only try"

"I tell you, I ain't got time to run no nursery for pigs. I've gotta tend to them that have a chance to live."

Billy left off his petting the chilled, shivering pig to seize his father's hand and swing pendulum-wise from it.

"Daddy!" he cried, "Let me have him. I'll take care of him an' I haven't had a pet since that mean old coyote got Jerry." Jerry had been a little, speckled, lordly bantam rooster. "Can't I have him, Daddy?"

The man looked at him thoughtfully as he muttered slowly, "He'll die anyway,

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I guess, but he might not, and if you do save him he'll be worth . . ."

Then aloud to the boy he said, "Sure. He's yours. Go ahead and feed him, but you've gotta take care of him yourself." And he passed out into the snow again.

So busy was Billy during the next two weeks that he quite forgot his liness, forgot his grief in Jerry's sudden death, forgot that there was no one to play with. For Pinky—so the runt had been christened—had to be taught to drink sweetened milk from a spoon, and he was not an apt pupil. Finally, though, he learned the trick and then acquired the knack of drinking from a shallow pan. As he took a new interest in life, it became apparent to everyone except Billy that he would always retain his pig's idea concerning etiquette. In a month he had so far recovered that he was placed back in the pen with his brothers and sisters.

No longer could Pinky be cared for alone, so upon Billy's sturdy little shoulders devolved the responsibility of caring for the entire litter. But he always managed that Pinky should get the choicest portions—according to pig standards—from the kitchen scraps, and always he contrived to scratch his pet's back with a stick or corncob. So, through the blistering heat of breathless summer noon, through the hazy, aromatic days of the haying season, through the chilly mornings of early autumn when the leaves were glorious splashes of color fluttering on the branches that had supported the white blossoms of spring, through the piled heaps of those same leaves fallen to earth, he carried innumerable pails of water, countless buckets of corn to those pigs that grew from pigs to lean shotes, from lean shotes to fattening hogs. Still it was Pinky who came first at Billy's call and who lingered behind to have his back scratched. Long since, the father had ceased to regard Pinky as the runt—he was now "hog" like the others—but to Billy he remained Pinky always. Home from school he came to feed the "hogs" but it was Pinky for whom he cared—whom he served and petted.

There came a cold crisp day in late November when Billy, stopping by the hog-pen as he returned from school, called for Pinky, but called in vain. No red bulk appeared from behind the shed to stand grunting contentedly while a cob clutched in Billy's fist scraped to and fro on the arched back. The boy stood staring about the pen bewilderedly, blankly;—then, dropping books and dinner-pail, he ran to the house, for Mother and an explanation.

"Mam', Mamma!" he cried breathless-

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ly, "Where's Pink! He's gone, Mamma! Where is he?"

"Why, son, surely you don't want him for a pet now. He's so big and awkward."

"He's mine. I want him. Where is he, Mamma?" The little figure straightened as Billy valiantly refuted the slanderous attack on his pet.

"But, Billy, he was so big and dirty. Daddy sold him with the others. He didn't know you still wanted him for a pet."

"Daddy—sold him—but—he—was mine! How could he? I want Pinky now." The child's face was pale and his lips trembled, but he did not cry. "He gave him to me and now he's so-old him."

"There, there, Daddy didn't know you cared so much."

"Daddy gave him to me! Pinky was mine—mine—." Billy stopped suddenly, whirled on his heel and ran back to the empty pen—the pen that had been Pinky's home. Later, when he returned his face was streaked and grimy, but composed.

The father who faced Billy across the table that night could have seen—had he taken the trouble to look—that his son's eyes were no longer implicitly trustful, blindly worshipful, that hero worship was replaced by watchful criticism, that the priceless confidence of the child was gone. The first seeds of cynicism were planted, for Billy had received his first lesson in selfishness. The veneer was indeed removed and the true clay idol exposed.

The child's mind was filled with morbid thoughts, rendered more bitter for their repression. "Why, Dad gobbled what he gave me," thought Billy, "Exactly like Pinky bolted cabbage hearts."

But the father noticed nothing and Billy held his peace, though he did not forget.

In "Lit" and "Comp" I've striven hard
To win two C's upon my card,
But now, in spite of all I do,
I fear I've met my Waterloo.
Tomorrow's task, an eight verse rhyme—
A monthly would scarcely give me time;
I'll give it up; I'm not a poet.
I'll turn this in that you may know it.

—Clyde Harris

The grey sky is close to the grey-green ocean, whose level is broken by little, white capped waves. Now and then a larger wave hurries them toward the jutting, moss-brown rocks and the bleached sand beyond. Out in deep water, a white speck of a sail boat rises and falls. Over all is a film of thick, grey fog.

CHILOCCO-A. C. J. C. TRACK MEET

May 27 was the only time that A. C. J. C. track fans were able to see their team in action on the home cinder-path. The students of Chilocco with a ranking equal to A. C. J. C. entered against Captain Houston and his eight men: Upson, Hardy, McMichael, Weller, Stanley, Barr, Brewer and Daniels. A. C. J. C. took ten firsts to Chilocco's four. In some events, A. C. J. C. tied for first place among their own men or took both first and second places. The meet was rather one-sided, and in the practice the following Wednesday, the entire Chilocco track team, H. S. and College, competed against A. C. J. C. The final score at Chilocco was: Chilocco 59½, A. C. J. C. 49½.

The final score at the meet at A. C. was 80-29.

Summary of Events

100 yd. dash: Weller of A. C., first; Upson of A. C., second.

220 yd. dash: Lowe of Chilocco, first; Houston of A. C., second.

440 yd. dash: McMichael of A. C., first; Upson of A. C., second.

½ mile: Weller of A. C., first; Wolfe of Chilocco, second.

1 mile: Wolfe of Chilocco, first; Brewer of A. C., second.

120 yd. high hurdles: Hardy and McMichael of A. C. tied for first.

220 low hurdles: McMichael of A. C., first; Pratt of Chilocco, second.

Shot: Stanley of A. C., first; Houston of A. C., second.

Discus: Houston of A. C., first; Stanley of A. C., second.

Javelin: Davis of Chilocco, first; Weller of A. C., second.

Broad jump: Weller of A. C., first; Houston of A. C., second.

High jump: Barr of A. C., first; Stanley of A. C., second.

Pole vault: Pratt of Chilocco and Davis of Chilocco tied for first.

Relay: Won by A. C. A.C.—Upson, Barr, Houston, Weller. Chilocco—Wolfe, Mouse, Kekahaba, Lowe.

THE SPHINX AND THE FORD

Said the Sphinx to the tourists
As they passed him in the sand,
"What a funny kind of auto
To be traveling in this land."
But the tourists didn't worry
For they were traveling in a Ford,
And they needn't fear or worry
About their room or board;
They slept out in the open
And they ate out of tin cans,
For they were only tourists
Traveling in the foreign lands.

—Gertrude Gill.



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BASKET BALL AT

A. C. JUNIOR COLLEGE

The basket ball season added another scalp to the fast growing collection of A. C. J. C. The first three games did not look very favorable, but the boys proved that a bad start means a good finish.

The first game of the season was with the Alva Rangers a four year college, and they certainly were rangers. The tall lads from Oklahoma took the home team to a 44 to 37 drubbing. However, our defeat may be attributed to the fact that the boys had not played together long enough, and that Coach Stark changed the players around in an effort to find the most effective line up. Houston made seven points, Vernon Smith seven, McMichael two, Weller fourteen, Hardy five, and Raymond Smith two. All of the players found the basket for at least one counter, which showed that we had a well balanced team and no outstanding stars.

Our next game was with the All Stars, made up of former high school and college players, such as Kroenert, Chapman, Spohn, Bratches, Smith, Marsh, Vogel, and Gilbreath. This high powered aggregation only defeated our boys 31 to 24.

The first day of the year, George Gardner brought his McPherson College team down for a practice game. Lester Chapman, an Arkansas City boy made fourteen of his team's 41 points while Houston made fourteen of Arkansas City's 32 points. This was but another practice game, and the boys were hitting their stride and getting into shape for the league games which started the next week.

Our first league game was with Parsons, last year's champions. Everybody anxiously awaited the results of this game as an indication of our relative strength with the other junior college teams. A. C. easily won, the score being 33 to 20, with Weller, Houston and Hardy furnishing the majority of the points. From then on our team marched straight toward the championship.

Independence was our next victim on January 13. The date must have had something to do with the visitors, as we easily defeated them 49 to 15.

Next week the team invaded foreign territory, Independence and Coffeyville, easily winning both games, the score of the Independence game being 46 to 25 and of the Coffeyville game 35 to 11.

In our next game with St. John's Reserves, we easily doubled the score, 36 to 18.

Chilocco was our next victim, the Indians being beaten 34 to 13.

Four days later Coffeyville journeyed

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over here to take a 43 to 2 thrashing.

Our next opponent was Garden City, but the boys from the West were completely outclassed and Ark City easily wone 42 to 9.

In our next game with Fort Scott we encountered the stiffest opposition so far. However, we won the game 43 to 26 and thus advanced a step nearer our coveted goal.

In our next game with Chilocco we rolled up the biggest score so far, the count being 81 to 15. Weller made 26 points and "Big Mac," 30.

The next week the team started on their annual tour. The first stop was at Parsons where they won a game 42 to 35. The next game was the big upset. At Fort Scott, the boys dropped an erratic game to the home team by a 2 point margin, after leading most of the way. This was our only defeat so far by a junior college. This defeat made it necessary to defeat Iola, which was our last game, so you can imagine how the students at home hung around the bulletin board waiting for news from Iola. At last it came and we were the State Champs, the boys having won 37 to 20.

With the exception of a few minor games with the high school the basket ball season was over, and every one voted it a very successful season.

To Coach Daniel Stark goes one-half the credit and to the team the other half. It was largely due to Coach Stark's tireless efforts and his ability to impart his wonderful basket ball knowledge to the men that A. C. Junior College has the State Basket Ball Championship. Our captain, Martin Hardy, was always in the thick of the game, urging his team mates on, and displaying those excellent qualities of leadership which are necessary in a successful captain. Weller could always be counted on for his share of the points and was always here, there, and everywhere in the way of the opposing player, always keeping his man closely guarded. Big Mac generally dropped in a half a dozen counters in a careless fashion, always got the tip on his opponent, and played every minute of the game. Houston played every position on the team with equal success, although his regular berth was forward. Huck was a good shot and ranked well toward the front at the close of the season. The fact that Rakie Smith did not make as many points as the rest is good evidence that he was tending strictly to business. Very few forwards caught him napping. Vernon Smith could always be depended on in a pinch for a basket or two, and could always be relied upon to fight to the final gun. Upson did not play regularly on account of his high



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R. Bruce Parman

school injury, but always gave a good account of himself when he did. George McMichael gave his big brother plenty of opposition and was no mean shot himself. McMahon was always on hand and Coach Stark could send him into a game with the feeling that things would go as well as before. Leroy Plumley developed into quite a finished player by the end of the season and should make a showing next year. Another player who should do well next year is Clyde Harris; Clyde played a good game this year and gave the regulars something to work for. Although Willis Barr did not always score, he always played hard and clean. Willis is another player who will make basket ball history for A. C. J. C. next year. Garrett Miles played his first year for A. C. and showed ability. We'll be counting on him too next year.

Junior College made quite a name for itself in basket ball this year and everybody confidently expects it to win more laurels next year.

We saw in the paper the other day that the new dollar bills were made of extra heavy paper and would last twice as long as the old ones. We are glad at last something has been done to make our money last longer.

SH-SH-SH.

"Sh-sh-sh. Skip day tomorrow." Such were the words of several college students Wednesday, April 28. Therefore the next day at 1:00 all the students met at Wilson Park and were soon on their way to Anderson's six miles east of town. The faculty members were the only ones present that afternoon and were of course forced to teach empty seats.

The afternoon at Anderson's was spent playing volley ball, wading in the river, and climbing trees. Several of the more adventurous, however, went either boat riding, in a boat that had almost as much water inside as outside, or swimming.

The eats committee overestimated on the amount of food, but that didn't make any difference with most of the students. Of course, Ivan, "Roky," "Plum," and Willie had their share. After all this, someone decided that they needed more, and went after ice cream.

In spite of the fact that several thoughtless girls had to walk over the gravel to find their boots, most of the crowd was still full of pep on the way home.

Photos That Please

—VISIT—

MARTIN STUDIO

107 West Washington Ave.

G. C. Brill



STATE JR. COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM

Reading left to right, back row—Ivan Upson, Vernon Smith; Coach, D. C. Stark; Geo. McMichael, Leroy Plumley.

Front Row—Raymond Smith, Robt. McMichael, Capt. Martin Hardy, Earnest Houston, Louis Weller.



STATE JR. COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP TRACK TEAM

Reading left to right: Back Row—Willis Barr, Martin Hardy, Robt. McMichael, Chas. Dainels; Coach, D. C. Stark.

Front Row—Ivan Upson; Capt. Earnest Houston, Veldo Brewer, Louis Weller.

NOTE—Geo. Stanley was out of town when picture was taken.

**STATE JR. COLLEGE WINNERS OF FIRST PLACE IN SCHOLASTIC CONTESTS**

Left Standing—Miss Pauline Sleeth, coach of fine arts contestants.

Left Seated—Robt. D. McMichael winner of first place in oration.

Right Back—Mr. K. R. Galle, Debate Coach; Robt. Parman, Ruth Redden, negative debate team—Right front, Samuel Shoup. George Stanley,

SPRING.

In the spring a young girl's fancy

Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.

In hat and dress of latest style

She consciously does pose.

The problem is of what she wears

And not of where she goes.

Her duties are neglected

And her new clothes fill her mind,

Her studies are the fashion books

The smartest things she seeks to find;

She may be slow at school work

But in fashion's she's not behind.

—Imogene Cusac.

COLLEGE FRENCH CLUB

The Fleur-de-lys Club, with its twenty members from the two French classes, has had some very enjoyable meetings this semester. Most of the meetings were held in the Girls' Club room, having for entertainment readings and musical numbers from the different members.

"La ete des Gofres," (waffle supper) afforded a delicious treat and all appetites were equal to the occasion.

A more formal event was a dinner given to the Spanish club. Brief talks and French anecdotes composed the program.

The last meeting was a picnic at the Jarvis farm. Here a l l enjoyed themselves playing volley ball, going swimming, and eating the "beans and sandwiches."

THE TIME DRAWS NEAR

I've had lots of fun here in college,
More fun than in high school last year.
I've attended 'most all of the picnics,
But I've shirked in my studies I fear.
Now that the year's almost over,
I'll have to be hitting the ball,
To get up in my work before test time,
Or I may not be here next fall.

—Willis Barr.

WONDER WHY—

Corlett Cotton doesn't get a patent on his laugh? (or has he?)

A. C. J. C. just can't be beat?

Florenz Zeigfield doesn't visit A. C. J. C.? There is plenty of "folly" around here.

The officers of the club are: President, Robert Parman; Vice-president, Jereldine Parker; Secretary, Louise Spencer; Treasurer, Mildred Glasscock, and Reporter, Norma Day.

The members are: Genevieve Johnson, De Maude Johnson, Alice Kirkpatrick, Robert Parman, Martha Toot, Morris Cannon, Ruth Counts, Charles Daniels, Norma Day, Almeda Gilkey, Mildred Glasscock, Izola Mann, Eileen Marshall, Garrett Miles, Bessie Miller, Jereldine Parker, Ruth Redden, Dorothy Seyfer, Louise Spencer, and Rhoda Talley.

Balloon Toes

With

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STUBBY JONES

The morning was bright and clear. On the eastern horizon the sun had climbed slightly above a jungle of tall cocoanut trees, and now, shining down on the lake, gave a deep blue luster to the rippling surface. From the western shore protruded a long, narrow pier and, near the end, sat Stubby Jones, a bamboo pole pushed out in front of him and a tomato can of bait at his side. His straw hat was frayed, his shirt somewhat faded. From ragged overalls, rolled up to the knee, hung two tanned legs, twinging in time with his cheery whistle.

A little way farther down the pier stood another fisherman. He was decked in white flannels and a soft felt hat, and his slender steel pole and nickel plated reel glistened and sparkled as he cast his green imitation minnow far out, to strike the water with a plop.

Stubby, in a lazy tone, had greeted the man: "Ain't this a swell mornin' though! Fish jest fightin' fer the bait, and I got three already."

For a moment there was no reply, then, in a low grumble, "This country's a joke—frightfully hot all the time." A pause as he reeled in his line, before continuing, and in a harsher voice, "Kid,

cut out the whistling! How do you expect man to fish with that noise goin' on?"

"Aw heck, Mister!" came in a startled voice, "fish can't hear nothin'," but the whistling stopped just the same.

The man made no response to this. He seemed, in fact, to ignore it. However, he cast his green minnow more and more into the water Stubby was fishing until the boy, afraid their lines might become entangled, moved a little farther down the pier.

The stranger in flannels coughed. The waves kept up their incessant sla-slap against the pier, now and then the shriek of a gull breaking the monotony.

Suddenly he snarled, "Say, boy! What kind of bait you got?"

"Shrimp tails" was the hesitating reply. Then, in a spunkier tone, "They're the only bait for mullet." An angry flicker on the face of the other hastened him to add, "You know, Mister, I'd sure like to have a pole and reel like . . ." but he got no further. Once more, for the fourth time that morning, his line was taut.

While he landed his fish, the stranger savagely wound in his line, seized his empty creel, and stalked down the pier toward shore, mouthing something about

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Y. M. C. A.

The College Y. M. C. A., under the supervision of R. H. Lane, and through the efforts of Leroy Plumley, president of the organization, and a lively bunch of fellows helping them, have had some fine meetings, not to mention the feeds every other Tuesday, since the Christmas holidays.

Meetings were held at the Methodist church, in joint session with the Hi-Y, in order that both groups might secure the benefits of the fine talks.

The last meeting of the year was held at the Christian church. B. V. Edworthy was present at this meeting and after giving a short talk on Camp Wood, he helped in the installation of officers for the ensuing year. With a larger enrollment expected next year in Junior College, much will be expected in the Y. M. C. A. work next year.

"rotten luck" and highly seasoning it with profanity.

Stubby muttered to himself. "That fella don't know how to fish. I'd sure like to have his 'quipment though." Presently he was back in his old place and, puckering up his lips, began to whistle a favorite tune.

—Clyde Harris.

ORATION AND DECLAMATION

The Junior College again upheld its exceptional record this year when Robert McMichael won first place in oration at the contests held at Independence, April 20. Helen Alexander, the representative in declamation, did not place, however.

This was the first time that "Bob" had tried oration. The oration was entitled "A Challenge to Intelligence." Helen's reading was "The Laughter of Leen." Both the contests were coached by Miss Pauline B. Sleeth, teacher of the public speaking class.

No trophies or medals were awarded

Parsons won second in oratory, Coffeyville third, and Fort Scott fourth. In declamation, Fort Scott won first and Parsons second.

This is the second time that Arkansas City has taken first in oration; Margaret Rothfus won first at Coffeyville last year with the oration "The Cry of the Children." A silver loving cup was awarded last year, the only one that the College possesses.

One day Mae Marsh was admiring Miss Clough's new scarf. She kept saying how pretty "he" was and asking where she got "him." She must have the idea that anything draped around the shoulders would just naturally be "he."

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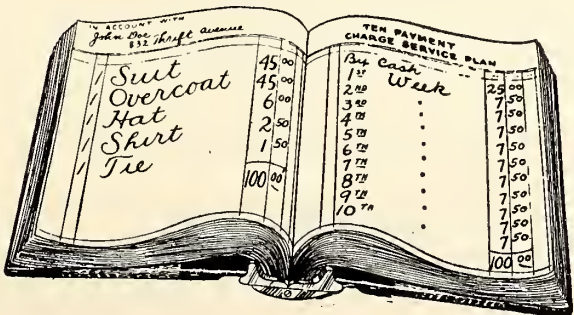
Shove - Push - Bing - Bang, were the sounds that issued forth from before the bulletin board as the freshmen tried to get at least a glance at the mysterious question mark. However, they were only to be disappointed in finding that one glance was going to be of no consequence to them and many of the lazier ones abandoned the effort until a later date. Albeit, it was almost as well, for those that did read it were almost as mystified as before. It did look rather suspicious though—a plate, a tin cup, and old clothes. First it was whispered that the sign was merely to mislead the poor innocent freshmen and one went so far as to state that “they must think us awful simps.” Ideas and rumors of ideas followed. Curiosity waxed so strong that on Monday evening, April 19, the street in front of the building was filled with curious looking people. At the time I remember I was extremely glad I had not let Bobs (my watch dog) come as he had wished. We had been there only a few minutes when a truck steamed up Second street, anchoring not far from the side entrance. After that the poor freshmen’s mind began to clear a little and they seemed to realize that they were supposed to get aboard. That is to say,

they realized it after several crates and packages had been safely placed in the end towards the chauffeur. It was only a short time until all the available (and some unavailable) space had been taken and in a shorter time still some of our members began to disgrace our college with such slang as: “Let’s get gone,” “What’s holding the buggy?” and several others I do not care to mention. The ride that followed was very eventful, very bumpy, and at times very doubtful, it being necessary for the rear and second class passengers to get off and push. At one time on our journey our sympathy was called forth. One of our honorable professors and his more honorable wife were compelled to halt about half-way up a steep incline to decide what mysterious trouble had caused their means of transportation to stall. Taking it all in all, however, the death rate was comparatively low considering the danger it was necessary to go through. After the truck had come to a perfect standstill and the occupants thereof had been unloaded and were endeavoring to round out their flattened bodies, something terrible happened. At least (judging from the screams that issued from the direction of the river) we were preparing to add more names to

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the casualty list. We reached the scene a few minutes later, only to find that a few delicate and dignified young ladies had been pushed off a slight embankment by a few rowdy boys and were screaming merely because it seemed the only proper thing to do. Out of one corner of my eye I noticed that the packages were being unloaded and placed by a large tree not far from the river, so we turned out backs upon the more uninteresting, and walked slowly in that direction. I am able to place the word slowly there because we did not wish to call attention to our movements and decided that we could probably gain time that way. I believe in the long run we did, for we had nearly reached the tree before we heard the thundering herd behind us and although some of them overtook us, we managed, I think, to be in the upper one-fourth. For the next few minutes if you had tried to speak I really believe that you could have been heard; to be entirely truthful the only noise of consequence was the sizzling of the coffee. I do not blame them, however, for the food was very GOOD and I suppose the students had not eaten for some time. And if you do not mind, I believe I shall write that SOME TIME in that fashion. The next thing, as I

recall, after that deep quiet, was the incident of the coffee. Someone had had the forethought to place it in the center of the flames, where it was distinctly easy to reach. There was one man, nevertheless, hero enough to brave the flames, and as I remember, by standing upon his head he was able to secure a few cups. The rest was used for dish water in order that we might wash the paper plates we had been using; it did seem such a shame to throw them away dirty. That's about all I am able to recall, with the exception of a few tight rope walking exhibitions, where the fittest survived. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot: "A good time was reported by all."

—Izola Mann.

POEMS BY ALMEDA GILKEY

Imitation of Lio Po.

The little, yellow bird
In his wicker cage,
Swings to and fro.
Cheerily he trills
A song.
The happy, mellow song
Of the golden bird,
Floats far and near,
Filling the room
With hope.

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MEMORIES

Memories on my heartstrings
 Patter like the rain;
 Tender little memories
 How they all remain.
 Memories smiling, wistful,
 Seeking to be gay;
 Memories grimly haunting
 Part of yesterday.

—Mae Marsh.

THE LANGUAGE CLASSES' DEBUT

The Spanish and French clubs of the
 College

Decided to have fun and a treat,
 So they packed up some eats and a vol-
 ley ball net,

And at six o'clock all were to meet.
 They climbed into cars and sped far
 away,

Out to the big Jarvis farm,
 Where the rocks and the spring and the
 plants gladly play

With the students who do them no
 harm.

They ate of the sandwich and salad and
 beans,

Till they thought they could eat no
 more.

But the peanuts and Eskimo Ices, like
 dreams,

Made one wonder what those things
 were for.

At volley ball every one practiced his

MAY

The fields are laden with ripening grain,
 The trees their green are showing.
 There comes the fragrance of summer
 rain

On the breezes gently blowing.
 Harvest time is almost here

With all her golden store
 And with it may there be the cheer
 Of wealth to share galore.

—Helen Alexander.

Clouds

The clouds a-floating past the window
 Seem to say to me,
 "Oh come, and roam with us today.

Oh come! Be free!"
 But I, alas, cannot be loose,
 My lessons wait for me. . . .
 A cloud of white, I wish to be,
 To sail, and see.

skill,

By serving and adding the score,
 But keeping the ball from rolling down
 hill,

Made the boys almost run themselves
 poor.
 As the darkness fell and no ball could be
 seen,

The cars started up with a roar,
 Everyone got in and bang went the door,
 Each saying the time spent was keen.

—Dorothy Seyfer.

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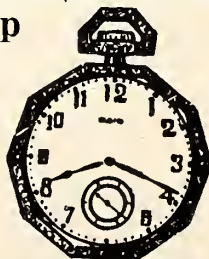
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